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# CARNEGIE

## MAGAZINE

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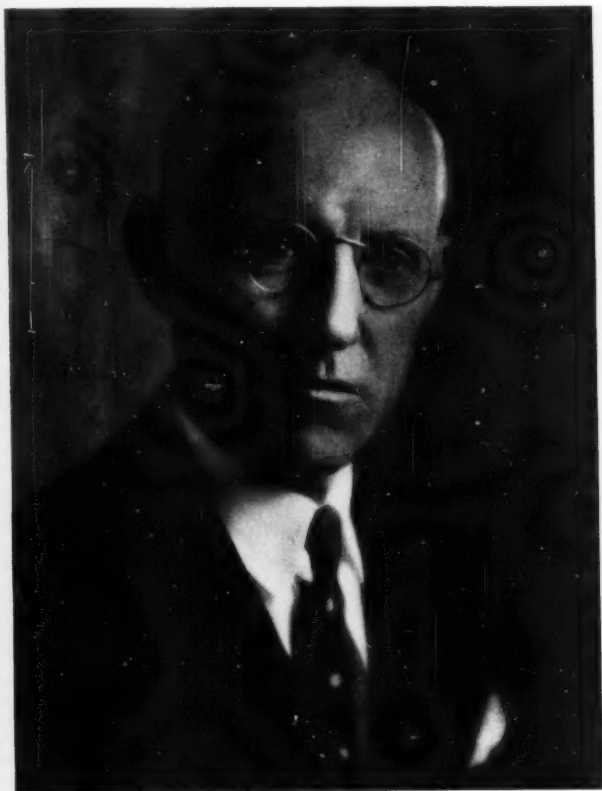
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VOLUME IX

PITTSBURGH, PA., MARCH 1936

NUMBER 10



ROBERT ERNEST DOHERTY  
NEW PRESIDENT OF THE  
CARNEGIE INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY

*(See Page 304)*

## THE CARNEGIE MAGAZINE

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MARSHALL BIDWELL      HOMER SAINT-GAUDENS

VOLUME IX      NUMBER 10  
MARCH 1936

Our indiscretion sometimes serves us well,  
When our deep plots do fail: and that should  
teach us  
There's a divinity that shapes our ends,  
Rough-hew them how we will.

—HAMLET

—4P—

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at 8:15 o'clock, and every Sunday afternoon at  
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MARSHALL BIDWELL, Organist

—1P—

The Carnegie Institute, in the broadest sense, holds its possessions in trust for mankind and for the constant welfare and happiness of the race. Anyone, therefore, who by a gift of beautiful works of art, or objects of scientific value, or a donation to its financial resources, aids in the growth of these collections and the extension of its service is contributing substantially to the glorious mission of the Institute.

The Carnegie Institute will be the final home of every worthy collection of pictures and museum objects when the men and women who have chosen them wish to have the world enjoy them.

—ANDREW CARNEGIE

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#### BON JOUR, MR. WHERRETT!

When Harry S. Wherrett, president of the Pittsburgh Plate Glass Company, arranged a series of thirteen nation-wide broadcasts on Thursday evenings, in which the Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra is sponsored as the particular attraction, he did a thing which has made the people of this community his grateful friends for all time. Year by year the orchestra under its talented conductor, Antonio Modarelli, has been growing in power and efficiency, but because of the competition of so many older organizations its work has been almost entirely confined within the surrounding mountains of Pittsburgh's picturesque environment, and the world at large has had no opportunity of gaining a familiar acquaintance with it. But now this splendid orchestra, which has brought so much real happiness and so much true culture to Pittsburgh, has been enabled, through Mr. Wherrett's patronage, to spread that happiness and culture into all hearts throughout America wherever these wonderful and mysterious forces of the air may carry the magic beauty of its delightful selections.

#### ELEVEN ENGLISH KING EDWARDS

DEAR CARNEGIE:

Mr. Ripley, in his "Believe It or Not" articles, makes the statement that while the present king of Great Britain is Edward VIII, there have been eleven Edwards who were rulers of England. How come?

—MARY LOUISE LANGFITT

The numerical order of the sovereigns of England begins with the Norman Conquest, and the present king is King Edward VIII in that arrangement. Back in the Saxon times, after the seven petty kingdoms of England had been consolidated into one united kingdom, there were three Edwards, thus: Edward the Elder (900-925), son of Alfred the Great; Edward the Martyr (975-8), grandson of Alfred; and Edward the Confessor (1042-66). Then came Harold, the last of the Saxons, slain in the battle of Hastings (1066), which brought in William the Conqueror.

WHEN?

I can, of course, picture in my mind a state of civilization in which the most talented business men shall find their most cherished work in carrying on immense concerns, not primarily for their own personal aggrandizement, but for the good of the masses of workers engaged therein, and their families; but this is only the foreshadowing of a dim and distant future.

—ANDREW CARNEGIE (1886)

A disposition to preserve and an ability to improve, taken together, would be my standard of a statesman.

—EDMUND BURKE

# IN APPRECIATION

By MRS. ANDREW CARNEGIE

[In the celebration of the one-hundredth anniversary of the birth of Andrew Carnegie last November, Mrs. Carnegie was the guest of honor at a luncheon given by the English-Speaking Union in New York. Her remarks made at that time, so eloquent and so appealing, which have just been printed in a memorial of the occasion, carry such a significant emphasis upon her husband's work for peace and understanding throughout the world that it seems highly appropriate to repeat them here, especially in view of the alarming situation abroad. The portrait reproduced below, which carries in large part the charm of Mrs. Carnegie's personality, was painted in 1934 by the Scotch artist, John Young-Hunter, and hangs in the home of her daughter Mrs. Roswell Miller (Margaret Carnegie) in New York City.]

It is only by virtue of the honored name I bear that I have the temerity to speak these few words today. Kind reference has been made to the Centenary of Andrew Carnegie, which has just been commemorated on both sides of the Atlantic. I should like to take this opportunity to voice the profound appreciation of his family for the deeply moving tributes which have been paid his memory. I feel that these were tributes to the things of the spirit for which his life stood.

It was love of his fellow men which was the keynote of his life and character, and which made all that he did so vital. I believe the day will yet come when his hopes will be realized and this world become a family of nations.

For many years the subject of internationalism has interested me more



MRS. CARNEGIE

By JOHN YOUNG-HUNTER

deeply than any other, and if the years have taught me anything, it is that no man nor nation can do any effective work alone. It is only by working together for a common cause that civilization can be carried forward. My belief is, as it was my husband's lifelong belief, that the hope of the world is in English-speaking peoples so strongly united in self-sacrificing cooperation that other nations will be moved to join

them, and thus bring in the brotherhood of man.

This is no new message, but it must be repeated until it has so penetrated the minds and hearts of men that they will listen and act upon it. In this noble work, the English-Speaking Union is engaged, and all lovers of their fellow men must wish it "Godspeed."

## THE RICHARDSON MEMORIAL SHOW

By JOHN O'CONNOR JR.

*Assistant Director of Fine Arts, Carnegie Institute*

SOME twenty years ago a Pittsburgh gentleman and his good wife were forced to forego their annual summer trip to Europe. Being of original and inventive type of mind, they decided instead "to see Pittsburgh first." On consulting their Baedeker for the United States, they were

advised, when in Pittsburgh, to visit above all other places the Allegheny County Courthouse, which was described as the "finest building in the city." Baedeker further suggested that, when at the Courthouse, they should ascend the tower, some three hundred and twenty feet high, in order to gain an impressive view of the surrounding country. The couple scrupulously followed instructions, but when they requested permission to go to the top of the tower, an astounded official told them that, while there was a staircase in it, no one within the memory of man had made such a request.

The visitors were shown the door to the tower, but were not permitted to enter it. The official explained among other things that, while this tower was considered a beautiful piece of design, it was useful as well, because it served as a ventilating shaft. A fact of even more importance to the visitors was that, while on their way to the tower, the official pointed out to them two inscriptions, cut in stone, on either side of an imposing door, which leads off



HENRY HOBSON RICHARDSON  
Painted by Hubert Herkomer in 1896

the third-floor foyer. The inscription on the left read: "In Memory of Henry Hobson Richardson, 1838-1886": the one on the right, "Genius and training made him master in his profession. Although he died in the prime of life, he left to his country many monuments of art, foremost

among them this temple of justice."

These inscriptions, which have been seen by too few Pittsburghers, are the tribute of a grateful citizenry to the great American architect. The inscriptions furnish the basic data for an important chapter in the history of architecture. As the dates on one of the tablets indicate, this year marks the fiftieth anniversary of Richardson's death. The event is being commemorated by an exhibition, assembled by the Museum of Modern Art, consisting of original drawings of plans, sketches, and other illustrations of his method of work, and photographs of buildings which he designed. These cover the whole career of Richardson, and are so arranged as to illustrate the development of his strong personal style. That style has frequently been referred to as "Romanesque," but it should more properly be referred to as "Richardsonian." Elements and features of his work were borrowed from the Romanesque, but the essence of his style was his own.

Coincident with the opening of the

exhibition in New York, the Museum published a book entitled "The Architecture of Henry Hobson Richardson and His Times" by Henry-Russell Hitchcock Jr. This book, which is quite properly confined to the history of Richardson's time as reflected in the work of the greatest of its architects, and the admirable biography by Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer should be read together in order to obtain an adequate picture of America's first master-builder.

The Carnegie Institute is now presenting until April 6 the exhibition as a tribute to the man who gave Pittsburgh a structure that after the lapse of forty-eight years can still be referred to in the words of Baedeker as the "finest building in the city." Moreover, with the possible exception of the City Hall in New York, which compared with it seems an exquisite ornament, there is no other civic building in the United States that approaches the Allegheny

County Courthouse in beauty of design, functional quality, durability, and character.

The citizens of what Lincoln termed the "State of Allegheny" have always been a very practical people. It is, therefore, well within the realm of truth when it is reported that Richardson's design for the Courthouse and Jail won the competition because of the provision that his plans were made for light and ventilation rather than for artistic merit. The Commissioners of Allegheny County builded better than they knew; for not only did they secure a practical building but also an imposing civic monument, which reflects in its design, materials, and plan its very being and purpose.

A study of the exhibition and a knowledge of Richardson's career during his all too brief creative period leads to the conclusion that the Courthouse was the culmination of his life's work.



COURTESY ALDEN, HARLOW &amp; JONES

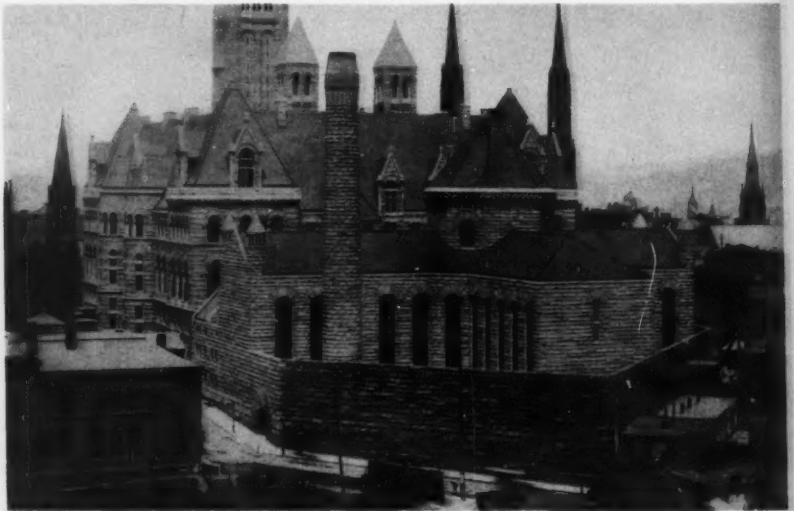
PEN-AND-INK SKETCH BY H. H. RICHARDSON

Submitted in Competition for Design of Allegheny County Courthouse and Jail in 1883

He considered it his most important building and it was the one of which he was proudest. It is honest in its conception, in its construction, and in its materials. It stands foursquare on the earth. Here is functional architecture at its best. Richardson's general reputation, it is true, rests on Trinity Church, but as Mrs. Van Rensselaer says: "The Courthouse is the most magnificent of his works, yet it is the most logical and quiet. It is the most sober and severe, yet it is the most original and in one sense the most eclectic. Although all its individual features have been drawn from an early southern style, its silhouette suggests some of the late-medieval buildings of the north of Europe, and its symmetry, its dignity, and nobility of air, speak of Renaissance ideals." To combine inspirations drawn from such different sources into a novel yet organic whole while expressing a complex plan of the most modern sort—this was indeed to be original. There is no other municipal building like Richardson's Courthouse. It is as new as the need it meets, as American as the community

for which it was built. Yet it might stand without loss of prestige in any city in the world."

Richardson was born September 29, 1836, in the Parish of St. James, Louisiana. His mother was a granddaughter of Joseph Priestley, the discoverer of oxygen, and one of the founders of the Unitarian church in the United States. He was graduated from Harvard in 1859, and the next year he went to France to prepare himself for the *École des Beaux Arts*, to which he was admitted in 1860. He was the second American architect to study there, the first being Richard Morris Hunt, who also attained a distinguished position in American architecture during the seventies and eighties. The Civil War brought an end to Richardson's remittances from his family in New Orleans, and he was forced to find professional work to earn his living. This was most fortunate for his career in many ways. He worked with a French architect, Théodore Labrousse, on the Hospice des Incurables at Ivry, and under Hittorf on the Gare du Nord. He came to know Paris and its buildings,



REAR VIEW OF ALLEGHENY COUNTY COURTHOUSE AND JAIL ABOUT 1889





EWING GALLOWAY

TRINITY CHURCH AND PARISH HOUSE, BOSTON—DESIGNED BY RICHARDSON IN 1872

and the development of French architecture, so that when he returned to his native land in 1865, he had a professional equipment possessed by no other American architect in his day, with the possible exception of Hunt.

He entered on the American scene at a propitious moment. The time was ripe for an architect who was prepared to force his clients to accept honest, sincere, and decent design, which in addition had a definite personal style. "When the Civil War broke," wrote Lewis Mumford in that interpretative book "The Brown Decades," "architecture in America had been sinking steadily for a generation. Order, fitness, comeliness, proportion were words that could not longer be applied to it; construction was submerged in that morass of jerry-building, tedious archaicism, and spurious romanticism that made up the architectural achievement of the nineteenth century."

Richardson's first commission in this country was the Unity Church in Springfield, Massachusetts. In this

building he followed the accepted convention of the English parish-church type. At that time he was passing through the usual Victorian experience of working in Gothic. His next important commission was the Brattle Square Church in Boston, which was definitely Romanesque in character. Other buildings followed in rapid succession—the State Hospital at Buffalo, the famous Trinity Church in Boston, the New York State Capitol, Sever Hall at Harvard University, the Albany City Hall, the John Hay and Henry Adams houses at Washington, and last but not least, in the year before his death, the Marshall Field Wholesale Store at Chicago, which was characterized by its massive simplicity and proportion. Richardson began his study for the Allegheny County Courthouse and Jail in 1883 after a long vacation in Europe, his first visit there since 1865. The commission was awarded to him in 1884, and he lived to see the completion of the Jail, which many competent authorities consider even more success-

ful than the Courthouse. The final drawings for the latter had all passed through his office before he died. It should be noted that Richardson designed one other building in Pittsburgh—the Emmanuel Church on the North Side, commissioned in 1883. Hitchcock speaks of it in his book as very small and simple, but as certainly one of Richardson's best later works.

Richardson faced the totality of American life in his work, and in the twenty-four years of his creative career, he completed more than seventy projects, including churches, libraries, schools, civic buildings, railroad stations, monuments, business structures, and residences.

Richardson is important in the history of American architecture, among other reasons, for the men whom he trained in his organization and with whom he was associated. Charles Rutan joined his office in 1869 as a lad of eighteen. After Richardson's death, he with two designers in the office organized the firm of Shepley, Rutan, and Coolidge. Charles F. McKim became one of his associates in 1870, and Stanford White in 1872. The famous Trinity Church crossing tower was designed by White. Frank E. Alden was associated with Richardson, and came to Pittsburgh in 1884 to supervise the construction of the Courthouse, remaining after its completion to organize the firm of Longfellow, Alden, and Harlow, which won the competition for the original Carnegie Library building. This architectural firm, later known as Alden and Harlow, designed the present Carnegie Institute building and many other important structures in the Pittsburgh district. Though Ralph Adams Cram was not associated with Richardson, in his recently published book, "My Life in Architecture," he pays tribute to him "as indeed a Moses to lead us out of the wilderness and release us from an estate worse than that of Egyptian bondage."

Henry Richardson was the single individual who at a critical period gave

form and substance to American architecture. He died at the age of forty-eight, but is hailed today as the greatest of American architects. That the men who attempted to imitate his style and dotted this land with heavy pseudo-Richardsonian buildings failed serves only to magnify his genius. He was the last of the master-masons, dying just as the invention of the steel skeleton was about to transform American architecture. He passed on at the beginning of the skyscraper era.

Henry Richardson was a vital and dynamic figure, as the Herkomer portrait indicates. He was large in stature, in ideas, in habits of mind. He lived in a generous and grand manner. He had all the elements that go to make up a great architect, and he used them to demonstrate what one honest, courageous soul could do to advance American architecture.

## HONORS FOR HOMER SAINT-GAUDENS

HOMER SAINT-GAUDENS, Director of Fine Arts of the Carnegie Institute, has been officially appointed permanent correspondent of the Louvre in the United States. The Louvre is the most important of the French national museums, housing the great national art treasures of France. The appointment was made by Henri Verne, director of the National Museums and the School of the Louvre. Mr. Saint-Gaudens was selected for this position as a mark of appreciation of his services in assisting the Louvre to obtain in the United States outstanding paintings by Manet and Corot for exhibitions which were recently held in Paris. In conferring the honor on Mr. Saint-Gaudens, Director Verne said it was the first time that anyone in any country had been appointed to this position.

This is the second occasion on which Mr. Saint-Gaudens has been honored by the French Government—the first time was in 1933 when he was made an officer of the Legion of Honor.



# PHOTOGRAPHY AS AN ART FORM

By PHILIP C. ELLIOTT

*Assistant Professor of Fine Arts, University of Pittsburgh*

[Mr. Elliott takes the fresh but growing point of view that no unbridgeable gulf separates painting and photography, and that a knowledge of one creates a sharpened sympathy for the other. A graduate of the Yale School of Fine Arts, he has come by this belief after working successfully with both. Painting, with murals preferred, is slightly the older of his two interests. In 1927 he was runner-up for the Rome Prize, and the next year received an honorable mention. In 1930 he won the Chaloner Fellowship, which provided for three years' study abroad, given biennially to that young American sculptor or painter whose promise best warrants the distinction. In Paris he first discovered that he could record beauty on film as well as on canvas, and soon had a one-man showing of his prints there. Originally from Minneapolis, this is Mr. Elliott's second year in Pittsburgh.]



THE exhibition of the twenty-third Salon of Photographic Art at the Carnegie Institute from March 13 to April 12 once more calls to the minds of Pittsburghers the increasingly perceptible place

that photography is making for itself in the realm of the arts. The great increase in the number of "serious amateurs" in America and throughout the world is bringing the subject, not only of techniques and processes but of esthetic theory, to the fore. Many people, therefore, will welcome the opportunity to see what tendencies are manifest in this exhibition sponsored by the photographic section of the Academy of Science and Art.

Photography occupies a peculiar position among the existing arts. It is doubtful whether any of those forms of human expression that we now group together reverently under the term fine arts were, in their early development, regarded with the high esteem that the words now imply. Rather were they crafts, and the men who produced them were workers and artisans, skilled each according to his capacity. This suggests an earthiness and a modesty that goes well with early growth.

When science thrust the camera into

our complex civilization, we were presented with a rather new problem in expression. It was not as if a new kind of paint had been discovered, or a new and quicker way of carving in stone—here was an absolutely new principle, with inherent characteristics peculiar to itself. Fundamentally the lens records instantaneously and impartially a segment of existing fact. Naturally this power is valuable apart from esthetic considerations, and the camera is of infinite value as a means of disseminating information, of making records as an aid to medicine, and as a stimulus to business. Just in this way, at one time, was painting primarily the servant of all of these things, save perhaps medicine.

This is not, of course, to state that photography is destined for the same heights that painting has enjoyed. It will doubtless have to be content with a more modest position. One of the dangers that lurks in the path of the present-day photographer who is becoming art-conscious—a danger that was created for him in the separatism of nineteenth-century art, with its divorce of esthetics from material function—is the temptation to consider his truly artistic efforts as quite separate from those of the business of the camera. To an extent, of course, this is the fault of the often obnoxious and monotonous demands on professional photographers, but it is safe to say that in most of the better-recognized practical uses of the camera, genuine esthetic elements will



STREET SCENE

By JOHN MULLER

prove an all-round advantage, and it is more than possible that, conversely, the practical restrictions will react favorably on the esthetic elements.

This idea need not be confined to professional photographers. The simplest amateur who wishes to discover elements of beauty in his work, is perhaps more apt to do so in taking care of the esthetic possibilities of utilitarian snapshots of his baby, his car, or his dog, than in casting about in search of pure beauty. For baby, car, and dog are humanistic things close to his experience and feeling, and pure beauty is a thing for the poet, for some painters, and for only the rarest of photographers, because, to repeat, the essential function of the lens is factual.

The work of newspaper photographers might be cited. These men are, for the most part, normally unconscious of esthetic problems, yet in their photographs the necessity of clarity and of prompt recording of the essential elements of a vital situation sometimes combines with the closeness to pulsating life to give a result that distinctly suggests a work of art. Photographic records of surgical operations, utili-

tarian as they are, will sometimes catch the intense significance of the moment by an organization of design and handling of light and dark that will impart esthetic merit.

These are extreme examples, but they serve to emphasize the idea that the artistic health of photography as a medium does not lie, for the present, in an escape from its contact with life and the realities, but lies rather in its development of this

contact to a plane of clarity, fullness of expression, and sensitiveness of treatment.

If, however, the esthetic side of photography is to be stressed apart from that of utilitarian function, it must be from a point of view that is genuinely photographic. Useless it is to imitate paintings—especially useless nowadays, considering that modern painting boldly takes advantage of its prerogative to reorganize existing fact for its own uses. In the heyday of the impressionists the camera might have imitated with some success the effect of light on Nature which those painters discovered pictorially, but now the fundamental principles of each medium have grown apart. It is, above all, the privilege of the camera to record with a fine exactitude the very state of things, the true external character of Nature and the works of man. For Nature in her sandy deserts presents the loveliest of rippled textures, in her plant life the most sensitive of linear rhythms, and in her skies the bravest gradations of tones. The works of man, quite as much, will produce unlooked-for beauties of texture, of re-

petitious rhythms, and of monumental massing of forms. The lowliest of woodsheds may find its salvation in a richness of surface texture, which the selectivity of the photographer can present to the person who would have seen in the shed only its shabby sociological significance. This kind of work dignifies life and broadens the visual experience. The power of selection fuses with the sense of organizational design to produce unity of statement and clarity of expression.

An inspection of the photographs in the current salon will present many illustrations of this attitude. As a group they show a great diversity of interest. Two things are immediately striking. There is less portraiture than usual and there seems to be a definite dropping off of reworked prints, such as bromoil transfers and paper negatives. The reason for a drop in portraits is hard to find. Possibly it is a pause which represents the transition from the carefully posed type of portrait that was the usual thing, and the new type



A VICTIM OF HIGH LIFE

By CHARLES K. ARCHER

that is developing through the influence of fast lenses and sensitive films. For the thoughtful pose and the calculated simulation of spontaneity are surely giving way to genuine spontaneity and the portrayal of character through the quick catching of the subtle changes of natural moods. Of the portraits that are found here, several will show this genuine life and sense of change that mark the new trend.

As for the dwindling number of bromoils and paper negatives, the reason may easily be found in a more general realization of the greater importance of the camera itself, and of the mind behind it, over the secret processes of the dark room, where additions and subtractions can be performed at will over the prostrate body of the negative. The unsoundness of this habit of reworking, however, does not prevent certain examples, when looked at from their own point of view, from possessing much charm.

One will remember among them a print from a paper negative called



FISH NETS

By HENRY FLANNERY



THE POISONED ARROW  
By COURTNEY OWEN

"Sky Brooms," and one of Pittsburgh mills in winter, with a simplified light pattern of snow and sky woven through the darks of the mills.

In considering the subject of mills, it seems regrettable that so little impact is felt from the rich photographic promise of Pittsburgh itself. Few American cities offer the pictorial vitality and wealth of characteristic form. Its portrayal demands frank, sympathetic treatment, without romanticism and without much synthesis, and the difficulties of Pittsburgh light should be a stimulation. It is good to see an excellent print by Fred M. Doudna of a river scene with one of the city's bridges stretching over it.

Perhaps the most beautiful work of the salon this year is found in the landscapes. There are many that combine clearness of texture with richness of tone gradation, and which present, without unnecessary romanticizing, the dignity and spiritual worth of the land itself. Mr. Archer's "Victim of High Life" is a straightforward rendering of the weatherbeaten ways of grim Nature. Mrs. Barbara Green's "Bleak Valley" shows a sincerity of feeling that is more than mere technique. Mr. Fassbender's "Three Guardians," here reproduced, shows extraordinary harmony of space distribution, an apparently direct and unworked print of fine ruggedness not unmindful of the spirit of Robert Fla-

herly's great film, "Man of Aran."

What can be said of the nudes? A difficult subject in painting, it is triply so in photography. So many photographers, in a commendable but well-nigh impossible effort to eliminate all but purely spiritual values from the nude, will woefully err on the side of shallow sweetness and futile, blurred poses doubtless inspired by the Greek S-curve, which the Greeks wisely used mainly on architectural moldings. With rare exceptions, the problem of the nude has not been solved by the camera.

Mr. Muller's "Street Scene" brings one close to the camera's fine faculty of recording the changeable, shifting movement of the American city. Quite different from the still textures of the country, the mutability of, as in this case, a New York street scene demands less attention to technique and to orthodox forms of composition and more attention to the instinctive feeling of the right time to "shoot" in order to record as fully as possible the elements involved. "The Poisoned Arrow" by Mr. Owen offsets a fairly obvious



BERMUDA HOUSE  
By THURMAN ROTAN

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THREE GUARDIANS

By ADOLF FASSBENDER

story-telling element by a dramatic vigor of presentation, a natural balance of characteristic forms, that makes it a good thing to look at. It makes nice use of the fine blacks available in modern bromide papers.

One of the most notable of all the prints in the show is Mr. Flannery's "Fish Nets." It calls to mind that what is too limited a range for painting may be quite within the legitimate limits of the camera. As has been said, the basic function of the camera is to record existing fact, and that fact may be quite a simple one. In one sense only, however, does "Fish Nets" seem a simple fact; for in these nets there is not alone texture but the movement of air, the fine fusion with the out of doors, the implication, if you wish, of man's closeness to the wind and sky. It is marred very slightly by the horizontal pole that clings so obstinately to the base line of the picture.

The photographs taken in Europe by Americans as a rule show a willingness to be seduced by the merely picturesque

that not so long ago was a weakness of American painters in foreign lands. It is easy to believe that life is not so real in Italy as in, say, New Jersey.

It is a privilege to be able to see each year what is being done by so large a group of photographers, whose works come from as many as twenty widely scattered countries. When we bear in mind that these photographers—both amateur and professional—continue to send in their prints year after year although no lure of prizes beckons, we have a better realization of the honor that they attach to the jury's decision to admit a work for hanging. Of 1,908 prints submitted this year, only 241 were accepted.

The standard of technical excellence is very high and it is impossible not to be impressed by the devotion and enthusiasm that has gone into the work. One hopes that these exhibitions will continue to prosper and grow for a long time to come, and great praise is due the members of the Academy of Science and Art who are annually responsible for it.





## THE GARDEN OF GOLD



THE Greek philosopher who said, "Knowledge is power," uttered a maxim which many persons who hear it spoken today regard as a platitude. But it is not a platitude. It is, on the contrary, a principle of life which gives us the key to the secret processes of Grecian civilization, a civilization that we have never been able to surpass except in the development of its goals through the evolution of its own formulas. And everything that it did, or that it attempted to do, came from its schools. The Greeks had two groups of studies, which were carried over into Rome and to which the Romans gave the names of the trivium and the quadrivium—the three-way and the four-way. The Greek academies required their students to be thoroughly grounded in grammar, rhetoric, and logic—the trivium—making the pathway to eloquence; and this curriculum gave us their great orators, dramatists, historians, and essayists. But the structural development of Greece was based upon the quadrivium—mathematics, geometry, astronomy, and music: three of them scientific in character, with music a very significant addition, intended to impress the imagination and develop the emotional nature of the student.

Omitting the modern marvels of invention and discovery, education today has not gone very far beyond these high standards of ancient Greece, except as to a deepening of their sources. And when we view the whole tradition of Hellenic culture, we understand for perhaps the first time the living force of the declaration of Solon that knowledge is power.

America is just now celebrating through its industrial channels the Aladdinlike accomplishment of Charles Martin Hall, a boy who, born in honorable poverty, would have lived and died unknown amongst the medi-

ocrities of life if it had not been given to him to acquire an education in the unpretentious laboratory of science in the small college at Oberlin, Ohio. Graduating at twenty-two, he carried away from his commencement one thing that burnt itself into his brain: the suggestion from his teacher that the man who could invent a process for making aluminum on a commercial scale would be not only a benefactor to the world but would also lay up for himself a great fortune.

Working all alone in a little woodshed at the rear of his father's house at Oberlin, Aladdin Hall rubbed the lamp of knowledge, and before long the beneficent genie who attends upon genius gave him the urgent secret. With the successful process in hand Hall came to Pittsburgh—fifty years ago—a city then, as now, eager for the fruits of science, and found earnest men who gave him their faith and their means; and in a marvelously short time that shining metal, which because of its prohibitive cost had until then been used only for the buttons of an emperor, was produced so cheaply that it became indispensable for a thousand uses, from battleships to kitchens.

Aladdin Hall had done the two things that his teacher had mentioned in a casual speech: he had made it possible to make aluminum on a commercial scale, and he had amassed a great fortune.

What would this successful lad do with his money? There was only one thing he could do with it consistent with his own career. Cherishing the incalculable value of education as uppermost in his mind, he gave his entire fortune to its advancement through the endowment of institutions of learning; but the bulk of his \$27,000,000 he left to that little college which had led his imagination into a triumphant life, and with this rich endowment he trans-

## THE CARNEGIE MAGAZINE

formed that humble country school into a modern university, with the purpose that a larger service in the field of education would increase the production of world leaders through the power of knowledge.

What better use can any man, any woman, make of surplus wealth than to give it to the Carnegie Institute of Technology, where, if we can gather \$4,000,000 in the next ten years, the Carnegie Corporation of New York will match that sum two for one and give our school \$8,000,000? Let it not be forgotten that the youth who will be educated through the force of these gifts of money will be the leaders of American civilization in the next generation. What would have happened if Aladdin Hall had found no college at Oberlin? If knowledge is power, let us have a great power house at Pittsburgh!

One more point. The Carnegie Institute needs \$7,000 to come from its friends in order to complete a new endowment of \$550,000 on July 1 of this year—\$550,000 for \$7,000! The time is short.

Each year at the Carnegie Institute of Technology on the anniversary of Mr. Carnegie's birthday in November an appeal goes out to the alumni to show their remembrance of the day by giving a dollar to the endowment fund. Because the anniversary just past was the centenary a special response was urged and answered in the form of \$943.

Ten years hence, or 1946, when the Carnegie Corporation of New York will match each dollar of that sum, including the amount it earns at compound interest in the intervening years, with two more, that \$943 will have an ultimate value of \$4,639.56. Thus each dollar contributor can have the satisfaction of feeling that he has really given \$4.64.

In February the grand total of money gifts acknowledged in the pages of the *CARNEGIE MAGAZINE* had reached \$1,766,336.71. With this most recent addition, the current total becomes \$1,767,279.71.

## RADIO PROGRAMS

### TALES THAT NATURE TELLS

EVERY FRIDAY EVENING AT 6:15 OVER KDKA

#### MARCH

- 20—"Why the Seasons Change," by Leo J. Scanlon, Secretary-Treasurer of the Astronomical Section of the Academy of Science and Art.
- 27—"A Mt. Rainier Alpine Meadow," by Edward H. Graham, Assistant Curator of Botany, Carnegie Museum.

#### APRIL

- 3—"Easter Flowers," by O. E. Jennings, Curator of Botany, Carnegie Museum.
- 10—"The Rabbit," by Samuel H. Williams, Professor of Biology, University of Pittsburgh.
- 17—"Shall We Allow Our Children to Have Pets?" by Florence Teagarden, Professor of Psychology, University of Pittsburgh.

### CARNEGIE TECH PRESENTS

EVERY TUESDAY AFTERNOON AT 2:30 OVER WCAE  
AND ALTERNATE SATURDAYS AT 2:00

#### MARCH

- 24—Chamber Music Recital by the Department of Music.
- 31—Scenes from "Julius Caesar" by the Department of Drama.

#### APRIL

- 4—Student Symphony Orchestra, conducted by J. Vick O'Brien.
- 7—Chamber Music Recital.
- 14—Scenes from Sheridan's "The Rivals."
- 18—Student Symphony Orchestra, conducted by J. Vick O'Brien.

### PITTSBURGH SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

BROADCAST FROM CARNEGIE MUSIC HALL

EVERY THURSDAY EVENING AT 8:00 OVER KDKA

#### MARCH

- 26—Orchestra conducted by Antonio Modarelli, with Pescha Kagan, pianist, as guest soloist.

#### APRIL

- 2—Mr. Modarelli conducting, with Reinald Werrenrath, baritone.
- 9—Mr. Modarelli conducting, with Reed Kennedy, baritone.
- 16—Mr. Modarelli conducting, with Dusolina Giannini, soprano.

[Free tickets for the Pittsburgh Symphony broadcast can be obtained from the Pittsburgh Plate Glass Company on request.]

## CARNEGIE TECH'S NEW PRESIDENT

ROBERT ERNEST DOHERTY was unanimously chosen President of the Carnegie Institute of Technology at a meeting of the Board of Trustees called for that purpose on February 25, the appointment to take effect on March 1.

President Doherty was considered to be particularly well qualified for the vacant place in view of the important problems of education that Carnegie Tech is now facing. With the demands for the highest efficiency in scientific training that confront our schools today, the trustees were convinced that the situation required a man of his special preparation to take the leadership in this work at Pittsburgh.

President Doherty's biography shows that he has eminently fitted himself for his new task. Born in Clay City, Illinois, on January 22, 1885, he early displayed his interest in science when, as a boy not yet out of secondary school, he served as a telegraph operator for the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. In 1905 he completed his work at the Academy of the University of Illinois, and four years later received his bachelor of science degree from the same university. He immediately was employed as a student engineer with the General Electric Company, and within a year was working on alternating-current machinery in a designing capacity. In 1918 the great Steinmetz chose him to be his assistant, and shortly thereafter he completed his graduate work in science at Union College.

In 1923 he was made consulting engineer for the General Electric Company, and in that position he demonstrated that he possessed the imagination of an educator as well as of a scientist, when he organized the advanced course in engineering in that company and was placed in charge of the educational work of all its college graduates.

In 1931, when he accepted the professorship of electrical engineering at

Yale University, he entered the teaching field, two years later becoming dean of the school of engineering there.

Although Mr. Doherty has always been engaged in a type of work that demands the deepest concentration, he has still found time to carry important civic responsibilities, serving a term as mayor of the town of Scotia, New York, later as a member of the school board, and of the committee that organized the Schenectady Council of Boy Scouts.

Recognition has followed him with great regularity, three honorary fraternities—Tau Beta Pi, Sigma Xi, and Eta Kappa Nu—having chosen him for membership. A long list of impressive titles dealing with technical and educational subjects attests to his importance as an author. In March, 1935, he delivered the ninth Steinmetz Memorial Lecture. His national reputation may perhaps best be appreciated by quoting the editorial comments of the New York Times on his election:

"To his new task Mr. Doherty brings a rich experience. As an associate of the late Charles P. Steinmetz he played a part in the development of the high-tension electrical system that now enmeshes the country and that has changed both industrial and domestic life, and as dean of Yale's engineering school he acquired a first-hand knowledge of the young technical student's intellectual needs. He will be called upon not only to uphold the fine traditions associated with the names of his predecessors, Drs. A. A. Hamerschlag and Thomas S. Baker, but to realize the desire of the trustees to make Carnegie Institute of Technology a higher institution of learning in which the practical and the cultural are to complement each other. It is evident from President Angell's sincere expression of regret at losing Dean Doherty for Yale that the trustees of Carnegie Tech have made a wise choice."

President Angell's statement follows: "The Carnegie Institute of Technology is to be most sincerely congratulated on securing Dean Robert E. Doherty to serve it as president. Since his coming to Yale he has made a notable contribution to the development of engineering education and, while his Yale friends are greatly distressed at the thought of losing him out of this community, we are delighted to know that he will have so rich an

opportunity for the continuation of his important educational work."

Mr. Doherty expects to arrange for the early transfer of his residence to Pittsburgh, when Mrs. Doherty and their three children will begin to account themselves as Pittsburghers. Their eldest son Robert Jr. is now in Yale and will finish there, their daughter Vera wishes to enter Carnegie Tech, and their youngest son James will continue his secondary schooling here.

## PRESENTING CHICAGO PAINTERS

COMPARISONS are still odious, but there will naturally be those who, when they visit the exhibition by Chicago artists now showing at the Carnegie Institute until April 26, will hark back to the recent show of the Associated Artists of Pittsburgh. A detailed comparison would be unfair, for one was a general exhibition, in which a large number of artists participated, while the other is limited to thirty selected artists.

There was no lack of excellent painting in the Associated Artists Exhibition; technique, in fact, was at a high level, but there was a monotony of subject—too many houses to be exact—which lowered the tone of the whole. In the Chicago exhibition, on the other hand, there is a wide variety of subjects in which human interest plays a leading rôle. W. S. Schwartz in his "Upper



FISHERMEN

By ROBERT VON NEUMANN

Region, Chicago" uses the rivers, bridges, and roofs of high buildings as a stimulating problem in design; G. L. McDonald in "Blue Ribbons" takes the booths at a dog show, with spectators properly placed, to add to his painting qualities; and Walter Krawiec in "Derby Day" organizes his scene about the colorful crowd that gathers for a horse race. Robert von Neumann develops the rather ordinary subject of fishermen in a

small boat into an impressive canvas; and Amelia Castaldo forms an interesting and colorful composition out of two figures in a beauty parlor. Even the artists who present still life, as Gertrude Abercrombie and Hubert Ropp, by skillful arrangement of unrelated objects intrigue the imagination and make their approach to surrealism come within the bounds of understanding.

In painting, the value of technical means has been exaggerated, with the result that subject matter has been further and further removed from human experience. These Chicago painters understand how to clothe the structure of their canvases with local habitations and names, which brings them within general comprehension. Davenport Griffen in "Where Two or Three Are Gathered Together" with direct simplicity employs four bowed figures to make a strong composition. Two of the Chicago artists, George Frederick Buehr and Laura van Pappelendam, travel to Mexico for their subjects, the former presenting a colorful and sunlit canvas entitled "Old Church Yard, Mexico" and the latter "Back of the Church," in which the buildings are made to form a powerful design. Constantine Pougialis has a well-thought-out canvas, "Blue Room," which, while possessing an individuality of its own, is reminiscent of Picasso. Pittsburghers already know Paul Trebilcock, Ivan le Lorraine Albright, Louis Ritman, and Jean Crawford Adams through their representation in the Internationals.

There has been much discussion about regionalism in American painting. This term has certainly nothing to do with subject matter. Just because Emil Armin or Ruth van Sickle Ford takes Chicago subjects for their paintings, they cannot be said to be regional painters any more than Irving Manoir or Sam Ostrowsky, who select French scenes, can be labeled regional. Regional qualities are expressed in style, and that arises largely as a matter of isolation. Chicago painters roam the world in fact and in imagination, and accordingly there is no regional tendency among them. Some of them—like Lester O. Schwartz, A. J. Haugseth, and Constantine Pougialis—are definitely of the school of Paris in their approach, but on the whole they are exceedingly cosmopolitan in both topics and technique.

The paintings in the exhibition are interesting in subject. They are all painted with a high degree of competency, and there are a number that are brilliant performances. Between representation and design and between content and form there is a happy balance that always makes for good painting.



ANGIE BY NORMAN B. WRIGHT



## SCULPTURE IN GARDENS

BY HOMER SAINT-GAUDENS

*Director of Fine Arts, Carnegie Institute*

[In anticipation of the second annual flower show at Phipps Conservatory opening on April 1, the Pittsburgh Park and Playground Society, under the leadership of Mrs. James D. Hailman, has directed a series of sixteen radio talks during February and March dealing with the importance of parks and gardens as cultural and civic contributions to more gentle living. The following article was given over KDKA on February 17, and most happily presents some of the author's most appealing reminiscences.]



A LONG, long time ago when I was quite a small boy Mother would catch me late on summer afternoons, place a leaky watering can in my unwilling hands, and tell me to water the garden. That was a

terrible chore. A little water reached the flowerers, but most of it ran down my stockings into my sneakers.

Indeed the only part of that twilight occupation that I enjoyed was dipping up the water. This was because in one corner of the garden I kept two pet mud turtles attached by long chains to a small fountain of cement and scallop shells. Four bronze trout that my father had modeled sprayed water into this pool over a school of particularly dumb goldfish, the domesticated mud turtles, and me. Above us, rising out of a bed of rank gladioli and caladiums was a Hermes, a kindly old chap with whiskers. He came from Greece and he played a flute. He was bronze, he was gilded, and his flute did not interfere with the noise of the dripping water. It was all most placid, and smelled of damp earth. Mother never knew how long it took to fill the watering pot.

Naturally then, Father being a sculptor and Mother having a passion for plants, I began life associating figures in stone or marble with golden glow and larkspur and sweet peas. From those

early days to this, such associations have continued.

Back somewhere about the year 1892, because they had the cholera in Paris, we boarded with a Mme. Hardie, who owned a tiny villa on the edge of St. Cloud. There at the end of a miniature pebbled garden walk was a coy little Venus looking down on more fish. I could feed those fish late in the afternoon. Meantime, going and coming from my lessons, I could walk through the park that circles the foundations of Napoleon III's burned château and so could pass by statues not quite so coy, among public flower beds not quite so miniature.

Next I recall the lawns of Chatsworth and Haddon Hall, near the Peacock Inn in Rowsley in Derbyshire. Especially under certain oaks in Chatsworth Park, if memory serves me right, loitered a lead Queen Anne shepherd everlastingly playing a pipe, regardless of a soft English rain, to a herd of red spotted deer who scratched their backs against his pedestal.

Then, not long afterwards, across the Channel in Paris I rode a bicycle between my father's studio in the Latin Quarter and our apartment in Passy. Always of an evening I was reminded that I would rather have my feet in stirrups than on pedals as I turned by those groups of frantic Horse Tamers flanking the entrance to the Champs Elysées.

Fate led me quite a bit through Europe in those years, years in which I invariably accepted with unexcited satisfaction the idea that parks and

gardens belonged to statuary and that statuary belonged to parks and gardens. Sometimes we saw the fountains play in Versailles; the water rushing from the arms of these squirming Tritons, who first dived into their pools back in the 1660s. Once we walked by the rows of Nordic heroes who flank the Sièges-Allee in Berlin's Tiergarten. Another time, inside the box hedges of the Boboli Gardens in Florence, we made friends with the inevitable antique gods and goddesses, each posed in his or her damp nook.

Home again, therefore, I have missed the companionship between intimate figures and beds of flowers about our private dwellings, or more ambitious sculpture and shrubbery in parks, where plants are replaced by Sunday-supplement-littered lawns or an untidy wilderness of trees.

Statues we have in parks, certainly, but they are haughty, unfriendly, occasional statues, full of pomp and circumstance. In the Public Gardens of my natal town Charles Sumner stands aloof from tulip beds, above even the

intellectual aspirations of Boston Brahmins. In Central Park Daniel Webster, with his hand in his breast, elevates his nose at the gases of Gotham's circling automobiles. In Washington generals and still more generals sit on many, many horses, everlastingly shying at something across the Potomac. The first general on the first horse to shy was Andrew Jackson in his park before the White House. Andrew too ignores tulips, being vainly conscious of his seat on his teetering mount. Wherefore the tulips, properly snubbed, have nothing to do with Andrew. Neither flowers nor sculpture play with one another as the children near by play with the indolent gray squirrels that hop off the trees to eat peanuts.

Naturally, then, as I grow older, I foster a nostalgic longing for the nooks and alleys and unexplored corners of the Continental parks of other days. I am sad that I cannot come upon a pair of unperturbed modern lovers, at the end of a shaded alley, seated on a stone bench beneath a marble Venus and Psyche, whose enduring embrace has



PHOTOGRAPH BY MATTIE EDWARDS HEWITT

PAN ABOVE THE FISHES  
Saint-Gaudens Memorial at Cornish, New Hampshire

lasted for centuries. I have learned that we ignore one real reason for the existence of our parks. We have nowhere to go in them.

This is a matter for lamentation, since of all peoples we Americans wish to "go places." We wish to go by means of rubber and carbon monoxide. We wish to go to Palm Beach. We wish to go to Paris. We wish to go to Bedford Springs. We wish to go to New York. When we get there, we buy our spring hat and come home.

We have yet to learn how completely we are "hornswoggling" ourselves, if I may use that expression of my Pilgrim forebears. Yet the answer is easy. We have stopped wanting to go to

the North Pole because the North Pole is all flat, and as Peary and Byrd have seen it and said so, that is that. But we still want to go to the South Pole since we understand that the South Pole is all mountains, and that even Ellsworth looking down on it from his airplane reports unknown valleys around the corners of the ridges on the horizon.

Something around the corner. It is not really the distance that counts. A half hour on foot is a mile if you like walking no better than I do. A half hour on a horse is three miles. A half hour in an automobile is twenty miles. A half hour in an airplane is a hundred



THE GREEN GARDEN  
SEEN FROM THE WALLED GARDEN OF  
MR. AND MRS. ROY A. HUNT

Venetian lions guard this engaging vined archway, which reveals a view in the distance of a stone bust of Colbert, the French financier.

miles. One mile, three miles, twenty miles, a hundred miles, they are all the same. It is only the around-the-corner that counts. And once we get around the corner we rarely have anything left to do but to start off again for another corner, and so on ad infinitum.

That is why a statue is set in a garden nook. It is put there first as something for us to look for around the corner, and second to detain us when we reach that corner from another immediate adventure in restlessness.

One citizen of Pittsburgh discovered this long ago and put her knowledge to work publicly last spring. She is Johanna Knowles Woodwell Hail-

man, who assembled the Phipps Conservatory flower show. You may remember that, as you passed through the green alleys or looked across the tiny hothouse lawns, you were constantly finding there something unexpected around the corner. These somethings were mostly reproductions of Pompeian bronzes, which accented the groups of flowers even as the originals did centuries earlier. For in Pompeii these days there is a house restored to what it was when Vesuvius smothered it with ashes. That house was built about a garden by a man so meticulous in his concern for flowers that he laid lead

watering pipes along the beds, a man so intrigued by statuary that he placed amusing bronzes beneath his sheltered columns, or out amongst the shrubbery.

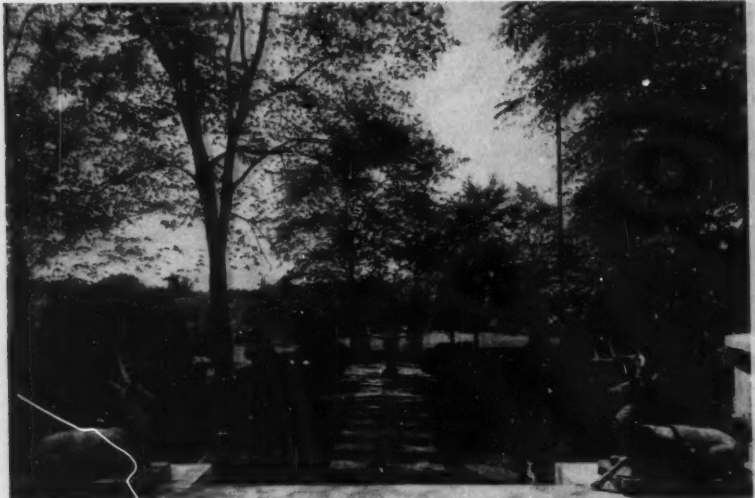
Let us remember, then, what Europe has known so long, that we promptly lose interest in those objects we have thoroughly explored. Only the half-concealed stimulates our imaginations. Slowly, empirically, through the ages men and women of sophistication and sensitive taste across the seas have learned that the delight of finding a welcome around the corner can be supplied by a neighboring corner; that in going somewhere they did not need the assistance of Detroit-made transportation; that of an evening they could pass on foot, tranquilly, through their own gardens, or wander, of a Sunday afternoon, in public gardens to meet the nook around the corner that would furnish them with as much delight as they might obtain in the adjoining town, or country, or state, or nation.

One of the blessings of my task, which has sent me scuttling through Europe of late years, is that occasionally I

escape from estimating distances and calculating chances on contemporary paintings to drop into one of those hospitable nooks where statues stand in gardens; the Borghese Gardens in Rome, perhaps, or merely the blue-tiled yard of a Catalan artist tucked in the niche of a cliff above the Mediterranean. As a result, in the shade of Roman stone pines I have asked myself as to the wherefore of the roses, and answered because of the moss-patinaed busts of bygone emperors. Or looking seaward over a kindly glass of manzanilla, I have ruminated on the why of a latter-day bit of bronze between two cypresses that flanked my view, and I have decided that it is because of the nasturtiums beneath the wall.

The Greeks knew this. The Romans knew it. The French, the English, and the Germans knew it. In Warsaw Stanislaw, King of the Poles, knew it. In Versailles Louis XIV knew it. In Potsdam Frederick the Great knew it.

Nor was the knowledge confined to those of high estate. Near any bourgeois home in France, or Italy, or Ger-



FROM WEST TERRACE OF "FAIRACRES"—SEWICKLEY HOME OF MRS. B. F. JONES JR.  
A pair of antique lead deer placidly survey the steps that descend into a shaded walk, at the end of which Gretchen Schoonmaker's charming "Goose Girl" in bronze beckons from her fountain.

many, the same imaginative combination is created on a minor scale. In any lesser English country place bits of sculptured fancy in stone or lead rise above fringed pools, or nestle into the syringa bushes. Out on a promontory in the bay by Stockholm in the studio gardens of the sculptor Milles, his statues and his shrubbery grow up together.

Human nature has not changed. The germ is planted in gracious American imaginations too, if we would only cultivate it a bit. Near Highland Park, here in Pittsburgh, is a lawn with a fountain where two pickaninnies stand patiently beneath a dripping umbrella under an eternal rain. Up in the mountains near Loretto are Charles Schwab's decorated gardens. In the midst of the steel towers of Radio City are more flowers and more sculpture. The lady with the watering pot still stands, among posies by the southeast corner of Central Park and Fifth Avenue, making eyes at my father's General Sherman.

So let us have enough of the notion that parks accomplish complete beauty in setting forth rows of hydrangeas in one spot and a bronze young man with a machine gun and bayonet going to death and destruction in another. Let us give the charm of sophistication to our public woods. Here and there in shaded alleys where steel magnates, or cheese merchants, may wander, let us combine evanescent color with permanent form.

Perhaps in this endeavor some will continue to regard Greek or Roman myths posed in the supersentimental twilight of yesterday. Others will dive into an up-to-date imaginative binge by way of latter-day artists. There is plenty of precedent for both. Certain Madison Avenue antique shops open their doors on synthetic Italian walnut tables, or Maine green-glass pickle jars. Certain of the elect gaze through invisible window panes at aluminum morris chairs and Corning crystal cocktail glasses.

But whatever our visual philosophy, let us all adorn our flowers with our

statuary, and our statuary with our flowers. For combinations of plastic form and evanescent color possess today, as they possessed in the past, the power to intrigue the imaginations, both of those who enjoy this morning's streamlined automobiles and of those prone to shed a tear over yesterday's departed horse and buggy.

## COMING EXHIBITIONS

**B**EGINNING April 2 and continuing through May 14 the Carnegie Institute will present a survey of French painting from the fourteenth century to the present day.

The artists who will be included are: the so-called Avignon school (unknown primitives, c. 1400), Jean Clouet, François Clouet, Corneille de Lyon, Fouquet, Maître de Moulins, Champagne, Dumesnil de la Tour, Antoine le Nain, Louis le Nain, Poussin, Boucher, David, De Troy, Fragonard, Greuze, Le Brun, Watteau, Cézanne, Corot, Courbet, Daubigny, Daumier, Degas, Delacroix, Gauguin, Gérôme, Ingres, Manet, Millet, Monet, Morisot, Puvion de Chavannes, Redon, Renoir, Rousseau, Toulouse-Lautrec, Besnard, Ménard, Bonnard, Braque, Derain, Le Sidaner, Matisse, Picasso, Segonzac, Simon, and Vuillard.

On April 9 there will be two openings—a memorial exhibition of the paintings of John Kane (1860-1934) and the fourteenth annual water-color exhibition assembled by the Art Institute of Chicago.

On April 21 the ninth national high-school art exhibit sponsored by Scholastic, the American high-school weekly, will have its initial presentation at the Carnegie Institute before being sent on a year's tour of the United States under the auspices of the American Federation of Arts.

I have seen too much and know too much. If I wrote my memoirs, not a man would go to war, even if the security of his country demanded it.

—CLEMENCEAU





## "THE PLAY'S THE THING"

*A Review of George Bernard Shaw's "Major Barbara"*

BY HELEN ST. PETER



[Mr. Geoghegan, who has reviewed with such discrimination the Little Theater productions for the last five seasons, is now on leave of absence for the second half of the school year. During his holiday abroad, the play criticisms will be in the hands of Miss St. Peter, whose long experience with the activities of the Pittsburgh Drama League gives her an advantageous point of view from which to judge, with sympathy and understanding, the progress of the Carnegie student players.]



The presentation of Shaw's "Major Barbara" at the Little Theater, leads one to speculate upon the influence that this supersalesman of ideas has had upon contemporary thought. When first written it

was considered so revolutionary that discussion of its thesis was actually forbidden in college economics classes. But that was thirty years ago, before the World War and Noel Coward and Ernest Hemingway and Laurence Stallings and Sherwood Anderson had done their work. Opinions have changed so much since 1905 that groups of high-school students attended the Carnegie production as a matter of course and were heard planning to take up some of the Shavian ideas in their civics classes!

This was the third Shaw play to be shown in the city in February, for Katharine Cornell's presentation of "St. Joan" previous to its New York showing was the highest point in the professional season, and only the week before the drama club of the University of Pittsburgh had given "Candida." Such a coincidence might pass unnoticed had it not been the third time that a similar coincidence has happened since direction of the Drama School was given to Elmer Kenyon,

who stands with Walter Prichard Eaton, Clayton Hamilton, and William Lyon Phelps as an ardent advocate of high standards in the American theater. When "Alison's House" was being given by the students, it was the third Pulitzer Prize play available for Pittsburgh; and when "Mourning Becomes Electra" was unfolding its breath-taking length upon the Nixon stage, the students were presenting a sonorous version of Euripides' "Electra," to the delight of drama lovers who welcomed an opportunity of comparing the two dramas. Since the dates of the productions are decided upon nearly a year in advance, there is abundant proof that the Little Theater keeps well abreast of current trends in the professional theater.

Playgoers who anticipated something approximating the streamlined mountings that the Theater Guild has given the later plays of Shaw felt a momentary disappointment upon discovering that the costumes and the settings were dated thirty years back, but the appropriateness of this became more apparent as the play went on. The Howard Chandler Christy dresses worn by the women of the Undershaft family lent unexpected dignity and maturity to the girls and were well contrasted with the shabbiness of the poverty-stricken people, whom Shaw in this play calls economic "sinners." The uniforms of the Salvation Army, although subdued in color, had the curious effect of accentuating the individuality of the wearers, making the demure counten-

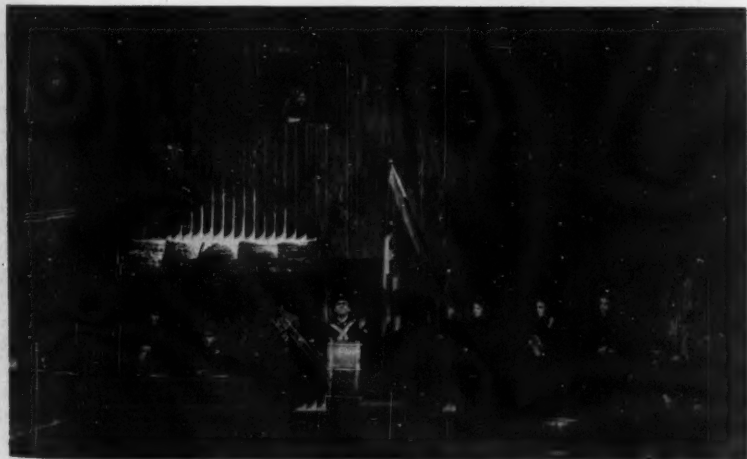
ance of one girl who was double-cast in the part of "Major Barbara" even more demure, and serving as a frame for the delicate beauty of the other girl.

In designing the settings Lloyd Weninger disregarded the exact directions of the author but retained the spirit of the play. He showed considerable ingenuity in constructing the West Ham Shelter, which suggested the bleakness of life among the poor and brought out even more clearly than the costumes the contrast with Lady Britomart Undershaft's luxurious home. An interesting problem in stage construction was presented by the closing scene, where Shaw, with sure knowledge of theatrical effectiveness, required a very simple setting for the actual space on the stage and then described Undershaft's ideal city in Shakespeare's way by word painting. Mr. Weninger and Mr. Kimberly suggested the effect by painting the outlines of this ideal city on a bright background bathed in light.

Under the direction of Chester M. Wallace every drop of fun was extracted from the dialogue and the characterization was well done. Undershaft, who is obviously the mouthpiece of the author, fitted the part as well as

a young man could. "His gentleness," says Shaw, "is partly that of a strong man who has learnt by experience that his natural grip hurts ordinary people unless he handles them very carefully, and partly the mellowness of age and success." The part was played with admirable restraint, without arousing the impatience of the audience because of the lengthy expounding of Shaw's peculiar views. The stock part of Cholly, which could hardly have much appeal to a young actor, was well done and proved highly amusing to the audience. This part and that of Bill Walker seemed to improve and grow in effectiveness upon second hearing. The dialogue of Rummy Mitchens with Snobby Price, and later with Bill Walker, added to the gayety as well as the excitement of the piece, especially in the well-timed action in the scene where Rummy taunts Bill from her vantage point in the loft.

Lady Britomart Undershaft—a combination of Bunty, who pulled the strings and Dulcy, who didn't know the difference between a surprise and a shock—was convincingly played, although the interpretation seemed to lose somewhat upon the second visit



"MAJOR BARBARA'S" WEST HAM SHELTER—STUDENT PLAYERS

to the play. "Major Barbara" in one interpretation seemed too serious-minded for such an attractive person and in the other to be too charming for such a serious-minded person, since participation in any active movement for reform is sure to dim some of the radiance of girlhood. There is, however, considerable difficulty in playing this rôle. The finest of Shaw's women parts, Major Barbara is a special type that is not to be found in a limited group of young people. There is also an anticlimax in her character in the last scene, where she is compelled to surrender the convictions which had given her a real sense of joyous achievement. Instead of the tragedy which Shaw says he intended to portray, there is only an impression that she has merely been counted second best in a debate and has turned out to be rather a poor loser.

As a theatrical entertainment "Major Barbara," the seventh play of Shaw's to be given by the Drama Department, was a success, and its appeal to the varied audiences was very real. But Shaw alleges that he is only incidentally a playwright; that the mask of his witty dialogue conceals an earnest philosopher, who is concerned with service to humanity. Now if he is justified in speaking of the "apostolic succession from Aeschylus to myself," then one may justifiably search for the underlying meaning of this play. The words of Undershaft undoubtedly are intended to convey this message, and at the end of the play each character is compelled to surrender his or her views and to acknowledge that Undershaft is right. The message is this: Money is the first need of man, and Poverty is the vilest "sin" of man and society. Undershaft says that to be wealthy is with him a point of "honor," for which he is prepared to kill at the risk of his own life! Then how is Undershaft to be distinguished from Al Capone? Just what is the inspiration in this materialistic statement? Is this the stone which is to hit everybody "full in the con-

science and cause their self-esteem to smart very sorely?" Just how accurate is Shaw when he says:

"The crying need of the nation is not for better morals, cheaper bread, temperance, liberty, culture, redemption of fallen sisters and erring brothers, nor the grace, love, and fellowship of the Trinity, but simply for enough money. And the evil to be attacked is not sin, suffering, greed, priestcraft, kingcraft, demagoguery, monopoly, ignorance, drink, war, pestilence, nor any other of the scapegoats which reformers sacrifice, but simply poverty."

Shaw was undoubtedly ahead of his time when he wrote that in 1905. But an attempt to carry out these materialistic views has been made since then, and has failed. One is inclined to agree with Lady Britomart when she says, "What does it matter whether they are true if they are wrong?" Hamlet said that the players are the abstract and brief chronicle of the time. Well, for such a philosopher they cannot be too brief.

## THE NEXT INTERNATIONAL

THE 1936 International Exhibition of Paintings will open on October 15 and continue through December 6. There will be approximately three hundred paintings shown from six nations—England, Spain, France, Italy, Germany, and the United States. A special feature this year will be a one-man showing by Felice Carena, the Italian artist, who will be remembered as the winner in 1929 of the first prize for his painting "The Studio," and of the Albert C. Lehman award given that same year.

The jury of award consisting of four painters—two Americans and two Europeans—will meet in Pittsburgh beginning September 23. Homer Saint-Gaudens is now in Europe visiting many of the artists who will be represented in the coming show.

## AMERICA'S IMPLORATION

BY SAMUEL HARDEN CHURCH

Ye noble lords of Downing Street who rule the troubled waves,  
You ruthless tyrants at Berlin who make your people slaves,  
You son of Caesar seated grim where storied Tiber flows,  
You oriental neighbor where ambitious empire grows,  
You anxious Gauls who hold the watch upon the tranquil Seine,  
We tell you our America will never fight again.

You waged a war to end all war, and we beside you stood,  
With millions of our precious sons to make your promise good;  
Across the ravaged face of France, Helvetia to the sea,  
They gave their lives in sacrifice that Europe might be free.  
But now you plan another war, and prove they died in vain,  
We tell you our America will never fight again.

O! faithless to your sacred trust, you ministers of state,  
You strive to slay majestic peace, and stir the public hate;  
With false divinity of flags you move the world to rage,  
That murder of all life shall be the drama of your stage.  
But while you plot your play upon the deadly sin of Cain,  
We tell you our America will never fight again.

Why not forego the urge to war, which only madmen crave,  
And form a parliament of states who shall your people save?  
What gain of land, what commerce rich, what rivalry of rights  
Is worth the slaughter of a race that knows not why it fights?  
But if some savage instinct sways the hearts of decent men,  
We tell you our America will never fight again.

And though in shining steel we stand, our eagles in the air,  
The mighty purpose of our soul defies your trumpet's blare.  
No grievance can provoke our strength, no insult break our will,  
Invasion of our soil alone would move our hand to kill.  
And if to drench the world in blood ye chancellors ordain,  
We tell you our America will never fight again.

*Reprinted by request from the Carnegie Magazine, December 1934*



### GOOD FAITH AND PEACE

IT is coming into positive proof more and more every day that the world cannot maintain peace among the children of men unless it builds its life upon good faith. During the years after the War, when Germany, disarmed, was bound against another aggression by the Treaty of Versailles, there was a real and an intense spirit of peace growing in power among the nations. A practical approach toward the reduction of armaments had been made. The leading prime ministers, with Germany's fine statesman, Stresemann, always present, had evolved a series of agreements, in all of which war was forever outlawed as an instrument of national policy. The people of every country, striving to be good neighbors, went about their work without fear. And no one raised a hand against Germany.

What happened? Good faith was violently and suddenly shattered by Germany, and instantly the blue sky of peace was obscured by the surcharged clouds of war. Goethe once said of his countrymen: "The Prussian is cruel by birth; civilization will make him ferocious." Looking upon them in the light of these past thirty years, Goethe could now be paraphrased thus: "The Germans individually are nice, kind people, who, when let alone and made free from malign influence, are foremost in the development of civilization; but it is their misfortune to be ruled by

men to whom power brings back their ancient tribal brutality." Under Hitler's whip of scorn they literally spat upon the Treaty of Versailles and upon all those exalted sanctions that followed it; and by air, by sea, and on the land have prepared for another war. Their very act of preparation was the signal for all others to draw the sword and take a stand of hostile expectation. Why? Because good faith was broken.

In the universal fear of this aggression all Europe has united in forging a ring of steel around Germany, and the public opinion of the world regards her as a common enemy. Her situation is not a new one. Woodrow Wilson refused to treat for peace with the Kaiser and his ministers in 1918, and audaciously demanded a new government, whose rectitude could be trusted. The present tyrant, besides being a persecutor of his own people, is a disturber of the world's peace, and there can be no tranquillity while he and his group are in power.

The penalty against Germany's reckless nationalism, if there is to be no restraint, will be another conflict surpassing that which her war lords provoked in 1914. Once more the chivalry of the world, with hearts all the while free from malice and minds constantly ignorant of any just cause for strife, will be called out to slaughter and to be slaughtered. The cloud-capp'd towers of civilization, the gorgeous palaces, the solemn temples—all these will be destroyed; and at the end nothing will



be gained for any participating power beyond a punishment of defeat, poverty, overturn, and hate.

Good faith must be the rock on which a lasting peace is established; but how can good faith be recognized in the destroyer of treaties?

## SHAKESPEARE STILL LIVES

WITH returning prosperity Shakespeare seems once again to approach the domination of the theater. Miss Katharine Cornell and Miss Fontanne and Alfred Lunt have made successful ventures into that inexhaustible field of imagination and emotion. Philip Merivale gave us a short season in "Othello" and "Macbeth," and was none too well treated by the critics. Right there we wonder whether so much study, so much expense, and so much intelligence should not deserve a more patient hearing. As a vocabulary alone Shakespeare is worth an endowed theater, and should be welcomed in that light when presented by any talented actor. Leslie Howard is preparing "Hamlet," and Walter Huston has "Othello" already in his repertoire. Others are coming forward with their courageous interpretations of the Bard of Avon; which proves that Garrick spoke a true prophecy in declaring him, "not for an age, but for all time."

## POWER OF A CONSTITUTION

THE French Revolution destroyed every personal right of the people of France until a written constitution was adopted; and thereupon Thomas Paine, who had become a citizen of France, wrote these words:

"Almost as suddenly as the morning light dissipates darkness did the establishment of the constitution change the face of affairs in France. Security succeeded to terror, prosperity to distress, plenty to famine, and confidence increased as the days multiplied."

The present threat against the sanctions of the American constitution is a

menace to the life, liberty, property, prosperity, and security of all the people of this nation.

Any man whose discontent with the restrictions which the constitution puts upon his wish for the exploitation of his power should be challenged to write in words the amendments whereby he aims to accomplish his ends. When our people have before them this information in its exactitude, they can choose whether they will preserve their government upon the eternal foundations which the fathers laid for it, or will consent to tear down the ancient structure and dwell in a wilderness of adventure and confusion, beyond the bounds of constitutional restraint.

## LOWER RAILROAD RATES

THE Editor has looked through his Window with a very peculiar interest upon the proposal to make a substantial reduction in the railroad rates for passenger travel. A superficial consideration of the subject would seem to justify the fear that a radical cut would produce a grave danger to railroad prosperity, but deeper study shows that the enormous increase of passenger travel would probably not only balance the loss but would bring such a gain in revenues as would tend to lift the railroads out of the slough of despond into which so many of them have fallen in recent years.

Let us look at a recent case. Four persons were figuring on the cost of a trip from Pittsburgh to St. Louis. The railroad rate, including the Pullman charges, amounted to \$200 for the four. They decided to drive by automobile and did so at a transportation charge of \$30. If we could multiply that incident by the number of million persons who, in order to save a similar expense, make use of their cars, we would, by this proposed reduction, be enabled to reclaim and redouble a revenue that would amply carry fixed charges and fair dividends with it.

Our railroad friends have too long

## THE CARNEGIE MAGAZINE

held themselves in supine helplessness while the newer forms of competitive travel have reduced many of them to insolvency. Henry Ford would long ago have cut the railroad rates in half and held his traffic. It is not too late now to do that.

### FREE LECTURES

[Illustrated]

#### MUSEUM LECTURE HALL

##### MARCH

- 22—"Up the Kabelebo River of Death," by Nicol Smith, whose expedition was the first to investigate this treacherous river in Dutch Guiana. 2:15 P.M.
- 26—"The National Geographic Society Yukon Expedition of 1935," by Bradford Washburn, Professor of Geology at Harvard University, who has mapped and explored some of the highest peaks in Alaska. 8:15 P.M.
- 29—"A New Dinosaur Kingdom," by Barnum Brown, Curator of Fossil Reptiles, American Museum of History. 2:15 P.M.

##### NOVEMBER TO APRIL

Specially selected motion pictures for children on nature, science, and travel are shown each Saturday at 2:15 P.M.

#### DR. BIDWELL'S LENTEN PROGRAMS

8:15 P.M. IN MUSIC HALL

##### MARCH

- 28—"The Bach B Minor Mass." This famous Bach Mass built upon the death and atonement of Our Lord will be sung by the Mendelssohn Choir, under the direction of Ernest Lunt, on Good Friday afternoon (April 10) in the East Liberty Presbyterian Church.

##### APRIL

- 4—"Wagner's 'Parsifal'"—a Study of the Sacred Festival Play."

#### TECH

##### MARCH

- 24—"Some Recent Advances in the Theory of the Solid State," by R. H. Fowler, Professor of Mathematical Physics, University of Cambridge. 8:30 P.M. in Carnegie Union.
- 31—"Stained Glass—a Lost Art," by Lawrence Saint, national authority on the subject. 8:30 P.M. in Carnegie Union.

##### APRIL

- 28—"We Americans," by William Lyon Phelps, Critic and Professor of English Literature, Yale University. 4:30 P.M. in the Little Theater, College of Fine Arts.

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